THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST. SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1523.

Choice Poetry.

FROM THE NATIONAL ERA.

AUTUMN REVERIE.

BY MISS PHŒBE CAREY.

Summer's blush has left the roses,
Summer's smile has left the rills,
And with tresses like the sunset
Comes the Autumn o'er the hills.

Comes she singing with her reapers,
Where the rushing sickle shines;
Shouting gaily in the vineyards
Where the maidens strip the vines.

And the hearts that blessed the Summer
When with June she smiling came,
Turning from her, pale and dying,
Greet her sister, just the same.

Yet not for this my bosom
With such mournful sorrow thrills,
Oh, the Summer-time is dying
In my heart as on the hills.

Such sweet visions round about me
Once in smiling beauty burst;
Not the year has changed so sadly
As the dreams that I have nursed.

Hushing hearts beneath his shadow,
Breathing poison on the blast,
Death has fluttered right above us
All the Summer that is past—

Leading down with silent footfall
Those who blessed our hearts and homes,
From the sunlight, to that chamber
Where the sunlight never comes.

Oh! how many, strong in manhood,
In that lonesome way have trod,
And how many little children
Have been given back to God!

And, when fair on memory's vision
As to-day, they rise and glide,

[illegible]

One that all our deep affection,
All our pleading could not save,
And the dust has long been scattered
O'er his beauty in the grave.

Fairest of the lambs immortal,
In the Shepherd's bosom borne
To green pastures and still waters,
Is the little one we mourn.

Here, forgetting in our sorrow
What the Father knows above,
That the Saviour's arm is stronger
Than the clasp of human love;

And that little children, taken,
Go, ere evil days begin,
Down to death and up to Jesus,
With no sorrow and no sin!

Original Novelet.

SHANNONDALE;

OR,

THE NUN OF MOUNT CAREMEL.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "RETRIBUTION," &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

I could have stemmed misfortune's tide
And borne the rich one's sneer,
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear.
I could have smiled on every blow
From life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee and know
I should not be "alone."

I could—I think I could have brooked,
E'en for a time that thou

[illegible]

furred cap, fox-skin gloves and heavy riding-whip, stood in the middle of the room stamping the snow from his boots and over-alls. With an inarticulate cry of joy, Winny's first impulse was to spring forward, but *something* jerked her back, and she stood fixed upon the spot where she had dropped the letter; she tried to speak, but her heart beat too violently; she lost her strength, and tottered off to the nearest chair and sank into it, while still the stout squire stamped and blew, apparently paying more attention to the condition of his over-alls, than to his little daughter. With a great effort, with a sudden dart, Winny sprang forward and was at his feet clasping his knees, burying her face against him and gulping out—

"Father! Oh, may the Lord Almighty bless you for coming. Father, forgive me! I *do* love you *so* dearly! Oh! I am so glad to see you! I nearly died of joy to see you—oh! and terror, too! Father! *say* you forgive me! I *know* by your coming that you have pardoned me, dear father, but just say so!"

"Stop, Winny! Let me *go*, you absurd girl! don't you see you are hindering me from stamping the snow off, and that you are getting it all over yourself—leave off your nonsense and go and get ready—well! come! do you *hear me!*"

"*Sir?*" asked Winny, releasing her father, who immediately threw himself heavily into a chair that creaked under him. "Oh, father! dear father! I am *so* sensible of your goodness—I want to hug you, I want to kiss you and tell you—"

"Come, Winny; no fiddle-stickians, if you please! go and get ready I said."

"*Get ready*, sir?"

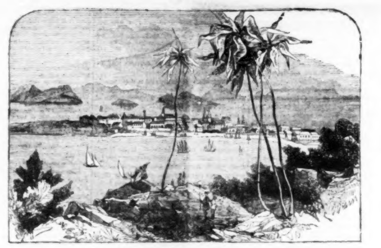
"Yes! ready, *ready*, READY! is *that* distinct enough? and be quick, too, for the sun is nearly down!"

"Ready for *what*, my father?"

"For *what?* why for to return with me to Oak Grove, where we will see if we can keep a closer watch on you than we did two years ago, and see if we cannot try to prevent you from running away with any more lackeys."

[illegible]

American Scenes.



PANAMA.

The Isthmus of Panama constitutes the most Eastern, and the narrowest portion of the neck connecting the two Americas. When measured along its curve, the length is five hundred miles, the width varies from thirty to one hundred miles. It contains several considerable towns, the capital being the City of Panama, beautifully situated on the shores of the Pacific. It was once a place of considerable note, but shortly after the visit of Ulloa, about a century since, it may be said to have attained its zenith. The remains of the buildings evince wealth, but they are now fast falling into decay. It is a place of no commercial importance, and until the immense emigration to California by the Isthmus route, was scarcely visited by vessels of any size; it is now the point of starting for the Pacific line of steamers to San Francisco. The population is chiefly a mixed race; few Spaniards are to be found. One Englishman and the American Consular Agent comprised all the society met here by Sir Edward Belcher, in 1836, but he prophetically adds, "This, doubtless, will be changed by steam navigation." To his excellent work we are indebted for the above illustration, which, in these California-going times, possesses much interest.

"Yes! yes, ma'am! yes!" smiled the obliging little host, hastening out to do her bidding.

Winny was at length shocked from her insensibility by a fierce, riving pang, like forked and scattering lightning!—followed by another and another, in maddening strength and rapidity, until her senses were again whirled away, and

[illegible]

Now the full light of memory and understanding broke broadly upon Winny, and she remembered and knew all!

"Dear Winny, will you look at your little daughter?"

"Yes—yes—yes," sighed Winny.

Imogene lifted her gently up—supporting her little shoulders by piling pillows behind her.

[illegible]

tention was not fixed—only arrested—unsettled and wandering in sad reveries and fancies, for turning her tear-bathed face to Imogene, she murmured,

"Are you then that Angel of Sorrow 'with saddened brow and pitying eye?' Are you that Angel of Sorrow who presided at my marriage and presided over my maternity—I do not say

[illegible]

heart, the offensive; as in the case of my grandmother; and the subject becomes like a magnet that loves most; and you call your love, outrage, offending, idiocy. And there is an illusion where the life is suppressed in the heart and offensive, and supernaturally developed in the breath, the smeller—and the subject becomes an abstraction of intellect, like a cherub who knows most—and you call his ugliness sweet purity. And if I were to tell you all I know, father, you would call it raving."

"For instance, now?" inquired the wretched father, fixing his eyes on that solid, and gulping down his emotion by a strong effort.

"Why, father, when you used to smile upon me, it would light a smile also on my face. I expressed your love for me, and your pleasure in me, and excited mine. Well, father, I know all nature is intelligent and loving as well as sensuous—for one is a great being who loves our earth and all his other family of planets. And the emotions on our earth is a conscious loving smile—and the reflected light is a conscious loving response."

"Oh-h-o-h-h-mmm!"

"Yes, father, don't groan. You call it mmm, father. I know it is love to me."

"Oh-h-h-h, Winny, my child, my child!"

"I know more, father. I know I can't love, because I have got nothing to love through—my heart, you see, is broken down,—could I see if my eyes were out, father? well, but this is what I know—that I shall die—that my spirit will leave this frail round body and will be separated from earth and all his other family of planets. And the emotions on our earth is a conscious loving smile—and the reflected light is a conscious loving response."

"Oh-h-o-h-h-mmm!"

"Yes, father, don't groan. You call it mmm, father. I know it is love to me."

"Oh-h-h-h, Winny, my child, my child!"

"I know more, father.—and oh, listen, but I should forget to tell you, for I know so many new things. So knowledge comes to me—it flows on and on—and the new drives out the old—and I want you to remember this."

"Oh-h-h-h!"

"As my heart and my affections were destroyed by misery, so the hearts of others are destroyed by wrong, by injustice, by slander, by neglect, by mal-administration—you call the heart depraved, corrupt, perverted, and so it is, for not the creator Father, but it is the subject of suffer—ed death, freed from its ruined and mal-treated body, it will be redeemed, freed, clothed upon, and will manifest itself over and over again.

This gives me no joy now, father: it is cold knowledge—it gives me no joy because I cannot feel. I can only think—but I know that when I get a new body intact, I shall be glad to feel it, however, and I say this as a blind child would say, I shall see when I get new eyes in heaven."

Again Squire Dorsey groaned bitterly; then as his child did not speak again, he seized her hand —lapsing—yes leaping to fall lower than in account for the frantic wandering of the mind, but oh, her pitying mood arrested him, and he choked up his stick, and lent as his restraining lameness would allow, he hurried from the chamber in search of his stimulant. In the meantime Mrs. Summerhold was engaged in conversation with her daughter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Miscellaneous.

A SURF SCENE.

A correspondent of the Springfield "Republican," at Coney Island, gives the following bathing incident of the surf:

During the passage down the bay, I had caught several glances of a familiar face that knew I had seen it before, but where? The lady so evidently had been subjected to a jog of memory. The exchange of a few glances satisfied us both, and we only waited a proper moment for family, or a deposition to speak. Two long years before, we had parted in a huff, and ever since finding myself at the time the aggrieved party, I had not particularly anxious to renew the acquaintance. But now! As soon as the boat touched the pier, I was on it, and off for a bath in the surf. The help for time was forgotten, and so was flying from the bath-house in my rough bathing costume. I plunged into the breakers, and after frolicking some time, laying my basis on the "ocean mane," and the ocean laying his hand on mine, when I saw two or three of the bathers edging up towards me between the swells.

There was a lady evidently in advance. My company apparently forgot her, and still unapproached me, but with her eyes fixed on me, lowest, and I found she was determined to speak to me. I knew who she was, of course.

A huge wave came in, and I dived and let the woman down, but sticking her head out of the water, she gave one scream, and that brought me. I was on the spot as soon as I could get there, so grasping her arm, raised her to her feet.

"Oh!" said the lady, "we who remain must meet—meet—meeting, after such a parting!"

"Why," said I blush!

She now undertook to look me gratefully and interesting. When a huge wave struck her as she looked up to me with parted lips, and commander-her most much full of salt water. She dropped again, and again I raised her, and then we either very weak or else she thought I was very strong.

We then sought a more shallow place where we sat down, and looking upon the scene, embraced the spent breakers as they rolled on.

"Mary," said I, "have you been happy since we parted?"

She answered me with a sigh, and then looking up to me, but in some confusion—

Says I, "be home—be home—be home—Mary, don't talk about it?"

"I have learned some things since then," she said.

"You," says I, "I believe you have; you married a learned man, I think."

"No married."

"What did you jilt a very good looking man for, two years ago, but to marry a certain learned man?" asked I hastily.

"I beg you will not to the foolishness of—" gasped she; replied the lady, and then changing the subject, she wanted to know how she should have left, if, in saving her from a watery grave, I had drowned myself. I told her I would probably have made some difference with her society, than with my wife and baby. She gave me one look, rose to her feet, and put—

"I saw you dancer for a moment."

But methinks I see her now.

as she walked off with her bathing-dress sticking to her and her little bare feet hotly scorching the sand with the spitefulness of her step.

Dr. Webster's Family Book and Exercise.—The Evening Post has a letter from a correspondent at Boston, giving some facts appertaining to the family of the late Professor Webster which are not without interest, though they do not remedy inasmuch the strange belief of which poor human nature is subject:

"Daily, even in the present period, you may see persons sitting up to the dwelling house of Mrs. Webster, Cambridge, for the purpose of at least looking at the outside of the house where her late husband lived. The day after the execution, a carriage drove up, and a lady—at least apparently so—and her two daughters, a Mrs. F., from New York, alighted and came to see her and see the corpse, stating that they had come on purpose. What the sagacious widow said at to gently, they inquired upon entering, tells they were more prepared for her reception.

"Among the sense of communications and letters which the family have received since the arrest, and they have been so numerous that the postage alone which they have been obliged to pay, might have supported them for half a year, was one from a Baptist clergyman from Kentucky, who offered, if the family would send him an money to pay his traveling expenses, to come on and see his children with the Salem family, as his deceased wife had been a Salem woman of Salem, and with Governor Briggs, who belongs to the Baptist persuasion, to picture a picture of the convict.

"Another was presented himself at the house, a short time before the execution, and desired an interview with Mrs. Webster, for the purpose, as he stated, of making some communication of importance to her. They proved to be, that he had hit upon a scheme to effect the prisoner's escape, that a vessel was ready to sail and bring him away—in short, that he desired was the consideration of the family.

"Among those came to not known, perhaps, latest the letter of Starling, after the execution, a newspaper to the house, directed to Mr. W. which contained a number of the execution in detail.

"Two Sundays ago, when the family appeared in the parish church, to attend public worship, the minister, who was not the regular clergyman of the parish, but had preached there once by way of exchange, although he had been requested by the regular minister to be careful in regard to his subject, because the unfortunate family might perhaps attend, chose for his text, subject of 'The execution of criminals,' beginning with circumlocutions. I could not either confirm as flattering to human nature as these, but the heart sickens to think of them."

☞ The New York dealers hire out their opera glasses at so much a night. They were in almost universal use at Jenny Lind's concerts.

WAVERLY ANECDOTES.

FROM MOON'S FAMILIAR ANECDOTES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Walter was the best fatigued man I ever saw, and, laying his weak limb out of the question, a perfect model of a man for gigantic strength. I remember one day fling age, I think that the time we write the, we have not been able to get the vehicle over the one that Mr. Morritt carried to strike out this theme sacred to humanity, and that his motion was attempted by Sandy Fraser, the Highland Laird of Lovat, and Jeffrey, and Sir Walter—one on each side of the silliest specimen possible for man to make. We quite a picture of his ridiculous:

"I assure you, madam," said he, "that you will receive as much credibility in Boston as in any city you have visited or may yet visit. We very low estimation in my communications; but I am not less capable of appreciating merit, and testifying my respect for virtue. It is not my experience, mineral endowments that I appreciated our season; "his your unblemished private character."

Jenny could not stand this—it was too nauseating. She thus interrupted him:

"Oh, sir, I pray you say no more on such." After these words, she paused and looked earnestly, with tear-drops starting, "Glad to you know of my private character? What can you know of my private character, sir? No, I am no better than other people. No better."

There is a scarcely concealed contempt of the Scotch in the expression, "Oh, sir," and Jenny reminds us of some of Dr. Johnson's blunt speeches.

But Mayor Rigsbee could not take a hint—he then continued:

"Madam, where there is so much goodness of heart as you display, there must be virtue. Your Christian conduct is a virtue, and virtue is an allusion to your exalted reputation. It has been my high appointment during the time you have been my high appointment during the time you have been my high appointment during the time you have

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1850.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

Congressional News

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 24th, the Senate resolved to hold a session each night to consider executive business.

The bill to pay the third instalment to Mexico, under the treaty of Hidalgo, was taken up. Passed.

The Senate then took up the bill making temporary provision for the occupation and granting leases to workers in the gold mine districts.

Mr. Seward moved an amendment that permits to work in the mines shall also be granted to persons who have declared their intentions to become citizens.

Mr. Dawson opposed the amendment and Mr. Seward supported it.

Mr. Dodge moved to amend by making it read, "and persons from Europe who have declared their intentions to become citizens, who produce a certificate of good character."

This was agreed to, and Mr. Seward's amendment, as amended, was added to the bill.

Mr. Fremont moved, and it was provided that five per cent. of the net proceeds arising from the sale of permits, shall be paid to California to aid in the construction of roads and canals.

The bill provides for the appointment of six agents to control the mines, and gives them two thousand dollars salary a year, and five per cent. on the amount collected for rent.

Mr. Benton moved, and it was added, "and mileage not exceeding one thousand dollars."

Mr. Felch rose to speak against the bill, when the hour arrived for a recess.

On the 25th, a joint resolution received from the House, authorizing the President of the United States to cause suit to be brought against G. W. Crawford, late Secretary of War.

Mr. Badger hoped it would be put on its passage.

Mr. Dawson moved to refer it to the Judiciary Committee. Lost.

Mr. Turney opposed the resolution. He said Mr. Crawford was only the attorney of the agent of Mr. Galphin, and received only a fee as attorney. No suit could be maintained against him, as attorney—that plea would be sufficient. He could also plead that Courts had no right to inquire into the settlement of the accounting officers of the treasury. This whole proceeding then, was a new effort to white-wash the conduct of Mr. Crawford, for all knew the suit must end in nothing.

Mr. Ewing said the Senator was mistaken. Mr. Crawford admits that he received the money, and pledges himself that he will not enter the plea that he acted as attorney, or that the action of the officers of the treasury was conclusive in the Courts. Should Mr. Crawford hereafter enter such pleas, he would be a dishonored man. His only plea will be that the payment was valid. Upon this issue the trial will take place—there could be no white-washing in the matter—but if there had been any blackballing by the Committees or others, the truth would be established and justice done.

Mr. Butler thought that the courts of the U. States should not be made arbitrators upon questions in which individuals consider their honor involved. I believe Mr. Crawford to be a man of honor, and will put in no technical plea; but if he should die, and his executor come in, those pleas may be put in, and the case end in nothing.

Mr. Dawson regretted the feeling shown by Mr. Turney. When gentlemen spoke of white-

[illegible]

Various articles are provided for by name, including cotton and silks.

Mr. McClernand rose to a point of order, contending that the proposition was not new and germain.

The Speaker sustained the points, and the proposition out of order.

Mr. Ashmun appealed from the decision of the Chair.

Mr. Thompson, of Miss., moved to lay the appeal on the table, and the motion was carried, yeas 101, nays 85.

[illegible]

The bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to permit vessels from British North American Provinces to lade and unlade in ports of the United States, provided similar privileges shall be extended to vessels of this country in those Provinces, was passed.

Mr. Bowlin, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported a bill granting lands and right of way to a railroad from Hannibal to St. Joseph in Missouri, and a bill granting lands and right of way from St. Louis to the Western limits of said State. Both laid upon the table—the latter by ayes 102, nays 65.

A message from the President, informed the House that the family and relatives of the late President design removing the remains of Gen. Taylor to Kentucky. He deems it a duty to make the communication, that the House may take such order as it may think proper to manifest their sincere respect for the memory of the deceased President.

Mr. Vinton believed that the Senate had made an appropriation in relation to this object, and on his motion, the message was referred to the Committee of Ways and Means.

The House concurred in the Senate's amendments to the Oregon Land Bill and Post Route Bill.

Various Senate bills were referred.

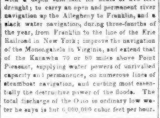
Mr. Preston King said that he had wished, during the session, to introduce a bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, but he had had no opportunity to do so; and he now asked the suspension of the rules, that he might introduce a bill for this purpose.

The bill was read. All persons emancipated by the act to be paid for out of the treasury of the United States, and the value and amount of those freed to be ascertained and determined by the Judges of the District Courts of the District of Columbia.

The House refused to suspend the rules—yeas 59, nays 109.

[illegible]

General News.



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Only two of the promised Novelets for 1850 having yet been published, the Proprietors of the POST would call attention to the following, which are yet to come:—

THE BAYMOUNTS—A Novelet, by MISS LESLIE; author of "Mrs. Washington Potts," &c., &c.

SHANNONDALE; OR, THE NUN OF MOUNT CARMEL—A Novelet, by MRS. SOUTHWORTH, author of "Retribution," "The Deserted Wife," &c.

THE BELLE AND THE BLUE—A Novelet, by CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "The Mob Cap," "Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag," &c.

When the above list has been gone through with, OTHERS EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE WILL FOLLOW, the Proprietors of the POST being determined not to be surpassed in this department by any cotemporary.

But the columns of the POST are not for fiction (however instructive and impressive) alone. We shall continue to devote a large portion of the paper to more

SOLID AND SUBSTANTIAL READING,

such as is calculated to improve the intellect, and to ennoble and purify the heart.—Whatever is best in the pages of the foreign and domestic magazines and reviews, shall be laid under contribution to inform and enlighten our readers.

THE NEWS OF THE DAY

shall also be, as heretofore, carefully sifted, and what is important treasured in our columns.

Matters of interest to business men—

A BANK NOTE LIST, A STOCK LIST, THE MARKETS, &C.,

shall be weekly laid before them.

For the *FARMER*, a dozen agricultural periodicals are carefully searched, and the best matter selected for

OUR AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

One or more *PORTRAITS* of remarkable persons, or *PICTURES OF REMARKABLE PLACES* are also weekly given.

In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing, whatever others may *promise*, we will not be behind in the *performance*. A paper that has stood for twenty-eight years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now perhaps the *largest* list of subscribers of any weekly paper in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by any rival. The *increase* alone of our subscription list last year, is equal to the *whole circulation* of many of our imitators.

TERMS.

The terms of the *POST* are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office.

4 COPIES,	. . . .	$5.00	PER ANNUM.
8 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10.00	"
13 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15.00	"
20 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20.00	"

Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

ONE COPY of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, or Sartain's Magazine, for FOUR DOLLARS.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address, *always post-paid*,

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N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the publishers by letter, *post-paid*.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EVENING POST.—We regard this paper as the best of the large weekly papers which come from Philadelphia. It is published by Deacon & Peterson, and edited by Henry Peterson. The publishers announce five original novelets, to be published during the next volume, which commences with the new year. For the excellence of its stories, its poetry, and all its selections, and [illegible]

THE BEST LITERARY PAPER published in Philadelphia is the SATURDAY EVENING POST. This paper contains 36 columns of useful and interesting reading, news, &c. We recommend it to all who desire a good family newspaper.—*Palladium, Malone, New York.*

The Philadelphia "SATURDAY EVENING POST," is one of the very best literary papers in the country. [illegible]

Selected Poetry.

ODE.

[The following excellent Ode was sung at a recent anniversary of the "Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association."]

The camp has led its day of song:
The sword, the lapstone, the plane,
Have sounded out of rhyme too long
The plough, the anvil and the loom!
Or, are spun our sound fame
Are Freedom's heroes loved alone;
The weaving of the work-day yields
More brown true than We've known!

Who drives the bolt, who shapes the steel,
Who, with a heart at command, waits,
As he, who sees a Genius reel
May spring from cottage and from farm,
Then, then, wakes a realm in spell.

Let Labor, then, look up, and see,
His order no pith of lower birth:
The soldier's rule yet shall be
Less honored than he wonders's sort!
Let Art his own appointment prize,
Nor deem that gold or outward bright
Can compensate the worth that lies
In hearts that found their own delight.

And may the time draw nearer still
When men this sacred truth shall heed,
That Toil with honor and from ill
Most all that raises man proceed!
Then Pride should lend our calling low,
For so shall Duty make it good,
And we from truth to truth shall go
Till life and death are understood.

Pictures of Life.

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.
A BREACH OF CONFIDENCE.

FROM CHARDEN'S HISTORICAL JOURNAL.

I do not want a wife—at least at present. I am not over-fond of money, but thirty-four a year have not 300 pounds a year (our indeed 300 pounds) independent of my profession. It is essential that these statements should be understood, for the better comprehension of the enormity of villany in store (alas) here-after, and not at present, engaged.

Furthermore, I believe my handwriting has already, more than once, given many persons reason to form a favorable conception of my character without the aid of a graphologist. As to my soul-knowings, I understand my own capacities pretty well, and am perfectly aware of my faults when at times I know I am doing an absurd, reckless, silly, cowardly, dishonest, or at least doubtful thing. I keep these sad roll of my depositions in constant readiness with the effect (sometimes the case) of preventing me to contemplate the less contemptible and foolish actions given in. However, suffice it to say, that, from nearly penetrating, I know most of my failings: indeed my intimate friends (if any) sometimes more accurately murmur, "You have said a story another thing, and another's another" (meaning, by, and without chance of appeal)," or "some or melac chaling; and then I am sure to suffer for more within me than the aggregate. With all that, I do not want anybody to teach me what I am—more especially at my own expense.

I am not by any means a sporting character. I never mount a steed in my life (except a hack-cab or gig-horse). In the course of a tolerably active career, of that unsatisfactory and wearing not kind known as "town-man," I never saw a prize-fight; nor, judging from the kindness and unsavory replies I meet (all amongst returning on a train from the battle-field, have I any wish to. As to racing, the fortuitous of betting are a greater puzzle to me than the politics of Central Europe. This very last (lucky Day)—on the "hill," in a good position, and surrounded by friends who hailed themselves bloodshot as Talleyrand thrilled along the turf—I never saw the race. I was engaged in conversation at the time with somebody's great deal more interesting; and, on being informed by a friend (who was standing on three cushions, put on a banner, and stood) that on the seat of the last "They're off!" with a vehemence that nearly stood him over, I replied, "Oh, are they? I daresay it's all right," and continued my conversation.

"But what do we care about all this?" ask my readers, I have no doubt, by this time. A moment's patience, if they please, until I explain, simply, that, from mere idleness and curiosity, I have lately, perused the Times. No. I request this be myself amongst the strange advertisements of fair, relating to love and matrimony. other topics. And some of the odd things that have come under my notice I am anxious to bring before them.

A few weeks back, at the expense of a guinea, I drew up and inserted the following advertisement in one of the most popular of our London weekly papers, (I would say, in infinite—make my benefactor my accomplice by requesting him to receive the answers—and was intricate enough to get a place at the top of the lead column, above two others of a similar nature—

MATRIMONY.—A Gentleman, aged 37, of good education and connections, with an income of 300l. a year, independent of his profession, and desirous of forming a Matrimonial Alliance. The lady must not be other than herself, of pleasing manners, and conversant with the usages of society. Property is not so much looked for as an agreeable companion, in whom also a knowledge of music or poetry would be desirable, but not indispensable. Ultimate happiness and benefit to both, parties is the sole object of the advertisement, and answers will meet with every attention. Address, prepaid, to E. S. A., 21, Fetterham Court Road, London.

At the same time I replied to various other advertisements: but my business at present is with the matrimonial.

It appeared in the Saturday edition of the paper, and on Monday morning I had two answers, between more came in the evening—ten more on Tuesday, and two on Wednesday, when (my cousin) advising altogether to silence. I believe most of these to have been, from Mr. accordingly sent. Let us now see the nature of their communications.

But firstly, in my own defence, in case I should be attacked with the charge of acting unfeminally towards my late correspondents—more especially as several of them almost demand secrecy—let me state that I believe myself fully justified in publishing their effusions, in order that the names may not be without the moral. Their ultimate happiness and benefit is both parties," mentioned as "the sole object of the advertisement," may yet be achieved—when a woman, in whatever position of life she may be, or to have all caution and sense of propriety so rudely and unnecessarily contemned, she must abide by the consequences. The lady of such a proceeding cannot to be severely reprehended, or, as in this instance, punished. In my case the offence is very, independent of my punishment, I was evidently the last. They should a young man in the favorable position which I imagined to myself to be driven to the section for a wife? Was I so out, entitled for the manner of my society, or for any moral that hung about me, that guaranteed my entrance into the circle? Was there no one amongst my 4 good connections" who would have me? What were the chances that I was not a swindler, a bottomless case, a fiend in human shape, a villain generally, or perhaps already married? I had nothing about references: they were neither given nor required: did this look like an honorable transaction? And how could it be supposed that any man would run the future comfort or his entire life on an acquaintance with fingerless and character based on the questionable judgment of an anonymous cousin-once?

But to the replies—and here they are, translated out of hieroglyphic, with every peculiarity of orthography and punctuation copied. Names wherein printed in italics were underlined in the originals, as also a word in female cousin-prudence, being a singular emphasizing of those strongly commended. When initials are used, I have changed them.

The first was written in a bad hand, which the writer had tried to make dashing by flourishes—

No.—Having seen your advertisement in the and wishing to enter into the holy state

I am a perfect woman both instrumental and vocal and equally proficient in both. Should I meet your views please to address ——

No. 2, &c.

The next was written in the penmanship, and slightly scented, was delivered with the preceding one—

Sir—Let me improve of you not to think me immodest but your frank and honorable conduct from the imaginary you have called on you a candidate for the honor of your hand in matrimony—the summation of my wishes may not be to your taste but that I certainly am not your junior—I am more than couple I am 31 years of age of emotional family and am moving in an unexceptionable sphere. It would ill become me to speak of my beauty my figure tastes habits manners accomplishments or amiability of disposition—nor should it be my task to portray the intellectual accumulations which are thought to enhance the value of all such gifts—suffice it they have been enough to procure me many excellent offers but amongst them all there was not one whom I could truly love and none shall have my hand unaccompanied by my heart—yet I have often longed for one to love and tend to and be clung to with a woman's first affection. I match a few moments only left to our eye in the after dinner dressing room at I would say more. Answer this and the current on you are never by! I can vouch by thine outbringing woman bounds through my fancies to know You fully, Adieu. Address ——

No. 3 was similarly delicient in detail, but better written. The lady had, however, odd unbleached calico, which more said about her.

No.—It is with great reluctance I answer your unsolicited advertisement, I am not in the habit of Addressing you without introduction but I am happy to say my Character is such that I dare not fear the Slightest Censure nor will my Family or respectable friend or Clergyman refuse to Speak in my favour.

Address, Post Office ——— road."

Twenty were two or three more, framed in the same style—written in neat feminine hands, all evincing a desire to be married, with a slight knowledge of music, and expectations of small sums. One requested a song not want to be united to a gentleman of property, and another to a "Military Officer."

Another replied that all letters might be post-paid, as address was given, and that she was "a lady's Daughter" it was a correct one) so as to avoid the "Impertinence" of a Man Servant or her father or guardian was "in the city," as she was cated from a suburb.

Another was from a Methodist, the most agreeable of the lot. It was beautifully written, and full of information.

Sir—Having seen your advertisement, allow me to say that I am a Member of the Church, and am generally considered to be possessed of pleasing manners and address, and am fond of music, and can sing a little. I possess but a very small fortune, but am of a genteel family. I formed but a very slight acquaintance with your self, but not enough to form an opinion. I have a friend who would be but too happy to make your acquaintance, and, if you wish it, would, in what I may term a proper manner, introduce you to her. I am not at present at liberty to give the name of my friend, but if you wish it I will write to her and ask her permission. Possibly some personal friend of yours may be acquainted with her. Should it be agreeable to you, I will write to her and ask her permission. Please address, prepaid, to E. A., 21, Fetterham Court Road, London.

Another was from a "Military Officer," and was evidently penned by his servant—

Sir—I am directed by my master, Capt. ——, Fusileers, to be left until called for."

I was almost sorry that, to all appearance, so much gilt edged love was unappropriated, and that I must be left out in the cold—

"Dearest," replied the mother; "but I blame you for not having mentioned it before. Are you sure you love him? Can affect his daughter's repute by, and I beg that they have not entertained, read what it may."

Rumour.—A Dutch farmer down on the Mersey had lost a calf; a new born calf, and the first operation of sleighing was going on, to see the ground was covered with snow. Some neighbors of his then discovered what he very nearly considered his calf, and immediately went to tell him that it was not that, that while they drove he saw it on the small eminence, they invariably put it down as a calf, but when they got to the top of it and while the boys and hands were at dinner, they found it was a deer. Rumour, as usual, had got all the wide mistake.—*London Herald.*

Fr.—Among Dickens.—We were much amused the other day with a very limited knowledge of the English language, endeavored to read the title of "Dombey and Son." The first word he made out "Dom" followed "Dorkens," in a parenthesis, and the last word "Son" he made out to be "Sun." The whole title read: "Dom (Dorkens) Sun." Translated into English, it would read "Dombey and Son."—*Springfield Republican.*

A Hardened Sinner Reformed.—Water is composed of certain gases, one of them quite explosive—The other night, when Professor Hedstead, of Pittsburg, was decomposing water, and causing certain explosions of the component gases, a certain member of the audience, exclaimed, as he held his head to his ear. "Catch me putting water in my boots after that—I ought to have known up, that the bursting of a steamboiler!"

A True Story.

THE FORCE OF FEAR.

At the close of the winter of 1825-26, about dusk in the afternoon, just as the wealthy denizens in the Palais-Royal at Paris were about lighting their lamps and putting up their shutters (the practice of the major part of these at that hour), a young man, genteelly dressed, but of his counter aloss, surrounded by massive gold chains and jewels, was observed to enter the principal entrance of the magnificent Hotel de Rambouillet, and to ascend the grand staircase. He was evidently not a stranger to the place, for he walked with the air of one who is perfectly at home, and who knows his way. He was, however, unattended by any servant, and, on reaching the first landing-place, he paused for a moment, and looked around him, as if to see that no one was observing him. Having satisfied himself on this point, he walked on to the door of the first floor, and, without knocking, opened it, and entered the room.

It was a large and handsomely furnished apartment, and was lighted by a number of wax candles, which were placed in sconces against the walls. Two persons were in the room, and they were both seated at a table, on which were a number of packs of cards, and a large heap of gold and silver coin. One of these persons was a man of about forty years of age, of a very handsome and prepossessing appearance, and of a most distinguished air and manner. He was dressed in the extreme of fashion, and wore a number of valuable jewels about his person. The other was a female, apparently about twenty-five years of age, of extraordinary beauty, and of a most elegant and graceful figure. She was dressed in the height of the fashion, and her attire was rich and costly in the extreme. Her head-dress was composed entirely of diamonds, and her ears, neck, arms, and fingers were loaded with the most valuable jewels. She was playing with the gentleman at cards, and the heap of gold and silver before her showed that she was winning.

The young man who entered the room walked up to the table at which they were sitting, and, without speaking a word, drew a pistol from his pocket, and presented it at the head of the lady. She looked up, and, on seeing the weapon, uttered a piercing shriek, and fell back in her chair in a swoon. The gentleman sprang from his seat, and, drawing his sword, made a furious thrust at the intruder, who, however, parried the blow with the greatest coolness, and, without moving from the spot where he stood, presented the pistol at the gentleman's breast, and fired. The gentleman fell dead upon the floor, and the assassin, throwing down the pistol, drew a second from his pocket, and, presenting it at the lady, who was now recovering from her swoon, fired, and she fell back in her chair, shot through the heart. The murderer then coolly gathered up the gold and silver which lay upon the table, and, having deposited it in his pockets, left the room, closing the door after him, descended the staircase, and walked out of the house.

The murder was committed at about half-past five o'clock, and at seven the police were in possession of the house, and had commenced their investigations. The bodies of the gentleman and lady were found lying on the floor of the room, and the cards and money were still upon the table. The police officers who were first on the spot, on entering the room, found a pistol lying on the floor, and another was found in the pocket of the gentleman who had been murdered. The pistols were examined, and it was found that they had been fired, and that the bullets with which they had been loaded were exactly similar to those which had been found in the bodies of the deceased persons. The pistols were also found to be of a peculiar construction, and to be of a description which could be purchased only at one shop in Paris